# NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

" WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 43—VOL. XVII. NEW-YORK SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1805 NO. 877.


## OSBORNE FITZROY:

A CALEDONIAN ROMANCE.

(*Continued.*)

Why not impart to your anxious child, the sorrows which oppress you? Can you doubt my prudence, my affection?" "Neither, neither love," replied Mrs. Fitzroy: "but fresh obstacles daily, hourly arise: your fate is not wholly in my hands; I am but the agent of a superior power, and silence is the task imposed: a severe one it is to my maternal feelings, but it must be so." Osborne pressed the hand of her mother, in token of satisfaction and obedience; the subject was dropped, and the usual occupation of the day succeeded.

When the Duchess returned home, she related to the Duke the events of the morning. He expressed much dissatisfaction at her wishing to establish an intimacy between his family and *such people*. The mother, he pronounced to be some adventuress, who wished to impose on the credulity of those who had the power to afford her pecuniary assistance; and her hoyden daughter, he declared as totally unfit to mix in any respectable society. Illiberal as this appeared to Margaretta, she forbore to make any comment; convinced, that any opposition would but irritate him the more; and he soon after, relaxing his austere features into an appearance of complaisancy, imparted to her a determination of which she had been hitherto totally ignorant: this was no other than his long secretly cherished scheme of uniting his daughter, Lady Alexina, to his ward, Monmouth Grafton.—— Startled at a plan so artfully contrived and concealed, the Duchess declined giving any immediate decision; and conjured him earnestly, to be first convinced, whether they entertained for each other, those sentiments of reciprocal affection so necessary to insure them permanent happiness. The features of the Duke became inflamed with resentment, for she spoke with earnestness; and an involuntary sigh betrayed, that her own unhappy destiny was not absent from her thoughts. The Duke replied in an impatient tone, "You need not, Madam, embrace this as an opportunity of shewing how much you still do, and ever have abhorred me. I know every thought of your deceitful heart; I know it is still filled with the image of my rival, who, to do him justice, would despise the offering of an unfaithful wife." "Cruel, unmanly insult!" cried the Duchess, bursting into tears, "you know your reproaches to be as unjust to me, as degrading to yourself: and I pity you for your own conscious unworthiness."—— The just severity of this reply, would at another time have exasperated him highly; but the Duke had now a point to carry, and checked his passion, saying, in a mild tone, "Well well, Margaretta, I can forgive more freely than I censure; but, to continue the subject this unworthy altercation has interrupted, I have given the matter all due consideration. That the young people are already attached to each other is already evident: and as Lord Edmund has at this time no relative living, but a brother who is his elder, and a man addicted to the most unamiable propensities, it is not likely he will ever be the friend of Monmouth, whose father has ever been the object of his most invincible hatred. Under these circumstances, the match I propose is highly eligible to the youth, as it secures my protection; which I am determined wholly to withdraw, if I am tormented by opposition to a plan so generally advantageous: except as the destined husband of my daughter, Monmouth remains no longer under my roof: I shall consign him to those friends who may consult his interest better than I have hitherto done." These arguments effectually silenced the Duchess, and drew from her a reluctant consent, that the proposal should be made to Lord Edmund in her name; and she read in the working of her husband's stern brow, a latent design which all her discernment could not penetrate. Avarice, she knew, was his predominant passion; and to this she at first attributed his eagerness for a match he would otherwise have disdained. But the Duke's scheme lay yet deeper, which time alone served to develope.— To account for the dissimilarity of disposition so obvious in the Duke and Duchess, it may be necessary to enter into a brief detail of the circumstances which caused their union.

Margaretta was the only daughter of Sir William Maxwell, a dissipated Baronet, whose early irregularities rendered it necessary for him, shortly after the birth of this first child, to remove his family to the continent; yet, notwithstanding his shattered fortunes, the views of Sir William, for the aggrandizement of this lovely girl, were extremely ambitious. Among the many admirers her charms attracted, were some wealthy and noble; but the heart of Miss Maxwell was not to be won by the adventitious endowments of fortune, or the suavity of fashionable manners. At the age of sixteen, she bestowed her affections on Lord Edmund Grafton, the younger son of a noble family; a youth of unexceptionable manners, and captivating person; but an unfortunate difference of political principles existing between the families, threw insurmountable obstacles in the way of the young couple. The Duke of Drelingforth, at that time, came to Paris from Italy; he was then making the tour of Europe, and had just acceeded to his title, on the demise of an elder brother. He saw Margaretta, admired her, and made proposals to her parents, who received them with eager joy, and commanded their daughter to bestow her hand immediately on the Duke. Margaretta was not the child of romance; her mildness of disposition, and just sense of propriety, taught her to endeavour, by every consideration of her duty to her parents, to get the better of a hopeless attachment, as it was not probable the parents on either side would consent to the union. The ardent Lord Edmund would have married her in defiance of every danger, but her heart revolted against disobedience. Her father, she knew, was obstinate, and of a tyranical disposition. Lady Maxwell was an obedient wife, and an affectionate mother: to save her declining years from the misery of disgraceful obscurity, Margaretta resolved to sacrifice the dearest affections of her heart, and with passive though heart-breaking submission to their wishes, became the Duchess of Drelingforth. Alike undazled by the splendor of her newly acquired rank, and insensible to the blandishments of her husband, Margaretta expected not to meet with happiness in the connubial state. The young Duke, high spirited and proud, felt his vanity gratified by the possession of the most beautiful woman in Paris, and his triumph was increased by the knowledge of his having carried away the prize from the all-accomplished Lord Edmund: from him, for whom all the haughty beauties of England were sighing.

Beneath the gaudy trappings of gaudy magnificence, the poor Duchess carried a heart, in which the thorn of anguish was rankling.—— Wedded to a man entirely dissimilar from herself in disposition and pursuits, one whom the first hours of endearment passed, was disposed to place the most harsh construction on all her actions, and resent with severity every trivial offence, and harrassed besides by the idea of Lord Edmund's unhappiness, she suffered her concealed agony to prey upon her spirits, and rob her cheek of its usual bloom. She endured all the gradations of the Duke's overbearing capricious temper with uncomplaining meekness. She was sensible of the wrong she had done him in giving him her hand, merely in compliance with family views: and had now no means of reparation, but implicit submission to his will. For the sake of her infant family, it was necessary to preserve appearances; and while, by an undeviating perseverance in integrity, she claimed, at least, the semblance of respect from her husband, she knew the tongues of the censorious must be silent; and she mingled in the gay parties selected by the Duke, with every external appearance of satisfaction; attracting, undesignedly, the admiration of one sex, and the envy of the other. A few revolving years produced many changes: the parents of Margaretta were deprived by death of their coveted honors, and Lord Edmund Grafton, some time after the marriage of the Duchess, sought to banish the remembrance of his loss, by uniting himself with a lady whose virtues, nothing but the unfortunate predilection he felt for Miss Maxwell could have withheld him from acknowledging. He repayed her preference and attachment with respectful tenderness; and as he became daily more acquainted with her many amiable qualities, he gradually succeeded in his endeavors to chase from his breast, every sentiment derogatory to her interest and his own honor. Such is the triumph of virtuous exertions over an unfortunate passion. The knowledge of this circumstance, and the happiness of Lord Edmund, restored Margaretta to a degree of tranquillity, which had been long unknown to her; her children were new calls upon her attention, and to them she devoted every care, and every wish.

The loss of an agreeable companion and indulgent friend, such as Lady Grafton had proved to Lord Edmund during an union of ten years, left him no other consolation than the caresses of his infant son, whose birth had been the cause of the calamity an affectionate husband lived to deplore.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

## AVARICE.

O thou cursed insatiate wretch, thou destroyer of human happiness, when wilt thou cease thy destructive reign?—Thou art as insatiate in thy desires as the Grave, and more cruel in the execution of thy purposes, than even Death itself; how long shall man debase himself below the brute creation, by being thy votary? Shall man the noble image of his maker be forever scattering death and destruction among his species, for the sake of wealth? God grant that the time may speedily come, when this vice shall only be known but in name.

Avarice begets almost every crime, nor do we find,
That any passion of the human mind,
So oft has plung'd the sword, or drench'd the bowl,
As Avarice, that tyrant of the soul.
For he that will be rich, brooks no delay,
But drives o'er all, and takes the shortest way,
What law, or fear, or shame, can e'er restrain—
The greedy wretch, in full pursuit of gain,
Do but get money, that's a needful task,
Which way you get it, none will ever ask,
Curs'd gold, how high will daring mortals rise,
In every guilt, to reach the glittering prize.

## HOPE.

WHAT a miserable unfortunate being were man, sent into this troublesome world, dertitute of that *pleasing phantom*, that *benign enchantress*, that *supporter of nature's drooping spirits*—all cheering HOPE. In every grade of human life, from the wealthy prince to the impoverished beggar, HOPE hath its charms.

The lawyer, pleasing his client with assurances of success in his case, *hopes* for a heavy fee from the already half-gulled simpleton.

The merchant risques perhaps his all, and *he hopes* that success may attend his shipping—and the beggar *hopes to see better days.*

The client's purse fails, and the lawyer's *hope, vanishes in air.*

The merchants ship is wrecked, and he also, meets with his disappointment. The beggar young, dies a beggar old, and *vain are all their hopes.*

But what a dreaded aspect would the grim tyrant death wear, were it not for the *hope* of future salvation? Who endure the thought? Who reconcile themselves to this their sure fate?

We hope for happiness beyond the grave, and the *happiness of hoping*, with some, perhaps is all.—Act honestly—take Truth for a guide—Industry for a partner—keeping Charity for an inmate—and then place our *hopes* on a *sure foundation.*

*Bost. Mag.*

## ANECDOTE OF PERICLES.

THIS great man was never known to give way to anger, let the provocation be what it would. He was once for a whole day loaded with reproaches by a vile and abandoned fellow. Pericles bore it with patience and silence, continued in public for the dispatch of some urgent affairs, and in the evening walked slowly home, the wretch following and insulting him all the way. When he came to his own door, it being then dark, he calmly ordered one of his servants to take a torch, and light the man home.

## PERSIAN WISDOM.

In the treasury of one of the kings of Persia, was found a vase with the following lines inlaid with gold. One cannot but but smile at the turn, is an equal proportion of philosophy and humuor—"he who has no wealth, has no credit;—he who has not an obedient wife, has no repose;—he who has no offspring, has no strength;—he who has no kindred, has no supporters,—and he who has none of these—*lives free from care.*

BON MOT.—A remarkable hard drinker, who was expiring, begged one of his friends who was at his bed side, to bring him a goblet of water, telling him, "On our death beds we must be reconciled with our enemies."

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

## LINES,

WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF MR. JAMES WILKIE, PILOT.

COME gentle muse, attune thy softest lyre,
On wings of sorrow, weeping Friendship come,
Here see how soon our dearest hopes expire,
Nor fly unpitying from my dear friend's tomb.

Oh Death! how sudden was thy visit paid!
No time allow'd to take a last adieu,
This hour in health, the next a corpse was laid,
Torn from the world, his friends no more to view!

Dear slumbering man, thy days of grief are o'er;
Oh sweet release from life's unhappy toils,
Death who did waft thee from affliction's shore,
Gave thee to angels, and a Saviour's smiles.

——Yes, now thy spirit lives in peace!
To praise thy Maker with enraptur'd breath,
Hush'd are the billows of life's stormy seas,
And past those cares attending us till death.

Resign'd I bow me to the unerring will;
Sweet contemplation cheers my sorrowing breast;
The Power that gave thee life, had power to kill,
Or grant a short reprieve from endless bliss.

Be calm fond heart, and lull thee to content,
Nor tremble thus at Death's severe alarms—
He was the messenger his Father sent
To call a beloved husband to his arms.

Farewell dear friend—to thee I bid adieu!
Still shall thy name, thy memory still be dear;
Still on thy grave, life's season through,
Shall Friendship drop a tributary tear.

And oft as lovely Summer shall return,
Or Spring delightful shed her sweet perfume,
Shall Friendship, a sad mourner come,
And shed her sorrows on our WILKIE's tomb.

*A Friend.*

*Selected for the* NEW-YORK WEEKLY-MUSEUM.

## WOMAN'S HARD FATE.

BY A LADY.

How wretched is poor woman's fate!
No happy change her fortune knows;
Subject to man in ev'ry state,
How can she then be free from woes?
In youth, a father's stern command,
And jealous eye, controul her will;
A lordly brother watchful stands,
To keep her closer captive still.
The tyrant husband next appears,
With awful and contracted brow;
No more a lover's form he wears:
Her slave's become her sov'reign now.
If from this fatal bondage free,
And not by marriage chains confin'd,
If, blest with single life, she see
A parent fond, a brother kind—
Yet love usurps her tender breast,
And paints a phœnix to her eyes;
Some darling youth disturbs her rest;
And painful sighs in secret rise.
Oh cruel powers since you've design'd
That man, vain man, should bear the sway,
To slavish chains add slavish mind,
That I may thus your will obey.

ANN.

## EPIGRAM.

SAID a Rev'rend Divine, "Here, Patrick, my lad,
Under guidance of worldly opinion,
I much fear your conduct has been very bad—
Let me know your religious opinion."
Quoth Pat, "My opinion's the same to a hair
As Murphy's, who keep at the sign of the Bear,"
"How now," cry'd the Parson, "You elf!"
"Why arrah! be aisy! your Rev'rence must know,
*He* thinks I shan't pay him the score that I owe,
By my shoul, *and I think so myself.*"

## DELORAINE—*A Fragment.*

DELORAINE and Percival were happy in each other's confidence. They were both young, but a course of genuine friendship seasoned their mutual attachment. Deloraine was of a temper mild and deliberate: usually in high spirits, when gliding through life with uninterrupted pleasures; but obstacles, (frequently of a very trifling tendency,) would, on the contrary, have the effect of involving him in melancholy. Percival was of that disposition, which, if not altogether commendable, reflected no disgrace on him as a man. Each relied on his friend's fidelity, and never was either of them deceived. It happened one evening when they met, that Percival observed in his friend, a degree of pensiveness, which, even in his greatest trials of what he called calamities, he had never before witnessed. He inquired the cause of his discontent, and why, for several evenings, he had been so thoughtful. Deloraine answered with a sigh, "that he was well as usual." "I fear you are not, (said Percival.) I am sure something has befallen you. If I have any place in your esteem, open to me your grief, and say in what manner I can serve you." Alas! you cannot serve me," replied he. "Deloraine, (said Percival,) how have I proved myself unworthy of your confidence, that you hide from me the cause of your sadness? Do you suspect me of infidelity? You call me your friend: if I am worthy that title, supply me with means to add a glem to its embellishment, by making me acquainted with your woe." "Friendship (replied Deloraine) embellishes itself. You are my friend, but you cannot redress me."

All the intreaties, and protestations of secrecy, which Percival was master of, could not prevail on Deloraine to divulge his grief. He seemed rather to elude the conversation, and with an absent air, made an embarrassed apology for leaving him. They parted for the evening.

The night was serene; unclouded the sun had left the horizon, and a blackbird, on a distant tree, seemed to lament its departure. Percival strayed in the fields, viewing the picture of nature with a mixture of awe and delight. He saw his neighbour's flock in a field. "Yonder, (says he) the fleecy tribe browes in peace, and man is unhappy. Surely innocence must be the grand" ——Here he crossed a stile, leading into the field where the sheep depastured. He had no sooner got over, than they all stared upon him, and immediately ran off, "Why do they fly me, (said he:) Am I a monster?—Yes, I am a man; That was sufficient reason. Oh, mortal, blush for thyself—blush for thy fellows, whose brutal violation of humanity justifies their fear. I said they browsed in peace—they did, until I broke it. I am sorry it happened—Yet they need not have feared me. Poor innocent things, I would not have hurt you." He walked on, immersed in thought, till he came to a rocky glen, covered with wood. A rivulet ran winding through the rocks. He placed himself in view of a rich landscape, whereon the sun yielded his departing rays. He drew from his pocket "*Hervey's Meditations.*" The sound of a distant fall of water, and the pleasant bubbling of the stream where he lay, added to the solemn effect of the brook. He had no thoughts of yet quitting this spot, where he found his mind so enchantingly occupied; he seemed lost with intentness, when a thrush broke the silence of the wood, in a tone rather uncommon. He listened to hear it continued, but all was silent. He thought it strange, and resumed his studies. He had not continued long, till he heard a voice, crying, "Sophia, I hear thee; speak on." He rose with a heart melting in sympathy: he directed his steps to

the place whence it proceeded, and again distinctly heard, "She denies me—It was her voice." He had not gone far, till he saw a youth sitting on the brink of a precipice, where the high fall of water formed a rugged pool. He seemed wild and furious; and, without seeing Percival, ran over the rocks with ungoverned rage, exclaiming, "I will find her." Percival, in whose mind no doubt remained, that the youth had intended self destruction, hastened his steps, to save a life, which he then thought himself appointed to prolong. He ranged through the rocks; he traversed every winding of the glen with impatience: he could not find the stranger. He returned to the pool where he first found him: nothing was there, but his handkerchief. "Good Heavens (cried he,) has he done it?" He fixed his eyes in the water, when imagination formed to him the stranger wrestling in its foaming bed. He was on the point of precipitating himself into the water. At that instant he heard the same voice. The youth was rushing through the rocks, exclaiming, "Death I'm thine," When he saw Percival, he started back. His eyes rolled. "You dare not say it was not her voice, (said he, wildly.) Did you say she was dead? You are a devil." "Gods! (cried Percival,) who do I see? Deloraine!—my friend—my companion! What poisonous ingredient of fortune has wrought this?" Deloraine gazed in the sky: "Look at yon light, (said he;) 'tis her in heaven. Sophia, I come." He made a spring to cast himself in the water. Percival held him. He started furiously. "Terrible instruments, (cried he,) you shall not hinder me;" still gazing in the sky. "Merciful Gods! (said Percival,) restore his senses. Deloraine, speak to Percival: speak to thy friend." "Look—look at them, (cried the deranged youth;) look at yon dreadful sword: I mind it not, (continued he.) See the flaming arrows round Sophia. He made another attempt, which Percival prevented. He seemed calm for a moment. "Am I in hell? (resumed he.) Are you a devil?" fixing his eyes on Percival, who took the handkerchief he found on the rocks, with the intent of binding up his head; but it seemed moist. Deloraine snatched it, and, with increased madness directed his eyes to heaven, holding out the handkerchief in his hand. He seemed fixed on an object: "She is gone," said he. His eyes wandered dreadfully, while he again exclaimed, "She is gone." Percival used every means to bring him to himself; and for a time he continued calm. "Did you know Sophia?" said he, in a tone of affliction. "I thought she had been still living. You said she was dead—That was a hard word. I did not think you could have said so.—I know you—You are—Yes, I know you." He laid his hand upon his brow. "I am not well," said he, "Let us go home, (said Percival:) rest will make you better." "Have you rest for me? you have no rest for me." His countenance changed, and again he betrayed symptoms of madness. He pointed to the sky for some time, without speaking. Soon every nerve seemed in motion; his blood boiled in his veins; his whole frame seemed racked to the soul; and in a voice, scarce human, he bellowed out, "She waves me—I come." His fury was ungovernable; he burst from Percival with more than human strength. He drew a dagger from his breast, and thrice, with impetuous violence, stabbed himself.

Percival was motionless—A cloud of horror froze his senses—His limbs trembled—He gazed on the agonized body of Deloraine; and when he saw the blood of his friend crimsoning the rocks, in anguish he turned from the scene. "Gracious Heaven! (said he,) look down, and pity mortality."


# The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, DECEMBER 7, 1805.


The inspector reports the death of 34 persons (of whom 13 were men, 7 women, 7 boys, and 7 girls) during the week ending on Saturday last.

*From a Clarksburgh paper, of Nov. 11.*

Last night, ABEL CLEMMOSS, at his place of residence upon the lands of col. George Jackson, within about an half mile of the town of Clarksburgh, under circumstances of the most unprecedented cruelty, murdered his wife far advanced in pregnancy, and their eight small children, the eldest about 12 years old, by striking them on the head with an ax, while they were asleep in three separate beds, lying in the same room! The wounds that he gave, it is supposed, produced instantaneous death, dispatching each one at a blow—and every circumstance induces a belief, that those last dispatched, were unknowing to the catastrophe of the others. Clemmons had been preparing for some time, and fixed upon next Thursday, for his removal to the state of Ohio. A man named Neisly, who purchaced part of his crop, went early this morning to the house, and was admitted by Clemmoss, who was in great agitation, and apparently in a state of insanity—the family as Neisly supposed were asleep, except a little girl, niece of Clemmons, who staid all night in the house but knew nothing that occurred. Neisly after conversing some time with Clemmons left the house unsuspicious of what had happenned; a brother of Clemmons's, who lived some miles off, and was going to remove with him, soon afterwards came to the house and found him in it; he enquired where the family were—Clemmoss said asleep—he approached one of the beds to awake the oldest boy, when he immediately discovered that all the children in it were murdered! He accused his brother with the crime, and then ran and alarmed the neighbours—before they assembled Clemmons had fled. Here was exhibited a scene the most shocking to relate—the wife and an infant in her arms lay in one bed, four daughters in another, two boys and one girl in a third—all murdered by the husband and the father—and what is very remarkable, he had always lived with them in a most affectionate manner, and they bore the character of honesty and industry. Clemmons had been for several weeks in a gloomy melancholy mood, occasioned it was supposed. by his great anxiety for the welfare of his numerous family.

## THEATRE.

FOR THE BENEFIT

OF THE ORPHAN CHILDREN OF THE LATE

MR. HODGKINSON.

ON MONDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 9,

*Will be Presented,*

A FAVORITE PLAY, CALLED THE

*VOICE OF NATURE.*

*Previous to the Play the Misses Hodgkinsons will deliver an ADDRESS, to the Audience, written expressly for the occasion, by a Gentleman of this city.*

ALPHONSO, (*King of Sicily*) MR. BARRETT,

RINALDO, { *his brother,* for that night only } FENNELL.

After the Play, the favorite Dance, called, the SHANTRUSE, by Miss F. HODGKINSON.

with other entertainments.

TO WHICH WILL BE ADDED,

*THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.*

## COURT OF HYMEN.

THRICE happy they in pure delight,
Whom love with mutual bands unite:
Unbroken by complaints of strife,
And binding each to each for life.

*MARRIED.*

On Saturday evening the 24th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Townley, Mr. John I. King, to Miss Ann Dorland, both of Newark, (N. J.)

On Sunday evening 20th Oct. by the Rev. Mr. Townley, Mr. James Ramsey from Baltimore, to Miss Elizabeth Wright of this city.

On Monday 28th Oct. by the Rev. Mr. Townley, Mr. Samuel Philips to Miss Jane Stagg, both of N. Jersey.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Townley, Mr. Jacob Vanderbelt to Miss Elizabeth Remer, both of this city.

On Sunday evening, 17th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Townley; Capt. Thomas Kempton, to Miss Mary Ann Johnston, a lady from England.

At Bridgeport (Connecticut) on Thursday evening 28th ult. capt. William H. Smith, to Miss Bithena Mead, all of New-York.

At Freehold (N. J.) on Thursday 26th Nov. by the Rev. Mr. Duboise, Mr. Jeremiah Vanderbilt, to Miss Aulchey Gordon, daughter of David Gordon Esq. all of the same place.

On Sunday Dec. 1st. at Freehold, by the Rev. Mr. Duboise, Mr. Joshua Letts Potter, to Miss Amelia Warne, both of Cheesequakes, (N. J.)

DIED,

Thursday morning last, in the 47th year of his age, Charles L. Camman, Esq. a highly respectable and much esteemed merchant of this city.


*INTERESTING TO THE LADIES.*

ALEXANDER LAVIGNE, from Paris, takes the liberty to inform the Ladies of New-York, that he Dresses the Hair after the Greek, Flora, Virginia and Parisian fashions. He intermixes in the hair, gauze, linen, muslin, cambric, crape, flowers, pearls and diamonds. He likewise makes Couvre, Folic and Half Couvre Folic, and double Tresses and Roses with hair love knots, Frizetts, and all that can concern the trade.

IMPORTANT TO THE GENTLEMEN.

A. L. Respectfully informs the gentlemen that he cuts the hair a la Titus and a la Brutus; and trims in the most modern fashion.

HAIR DRESSERS TAKE NOTICE.

A. L. will give instructions in all the various fashions, &c. by applying at No. 57 William-street.

December 7, 1805. 877—3t*

ALEXANDRE LAVIGNE, Coeffeur des dames, arrivant de Paris, a Phonneur de prevenir les dames de cette ville qu'il Coeffee a la Greque, a la Flore, a la Virginie et a la Parisienne. Il pose parmi les cheveux Gaze, Linon, Mouselins, Batiste, Crepe, Fleurs, Perfer, et Diamants. Il tient un assortement de cheveux de diverses couleurs. Il rait des couvre folie, demi couvre folie, objets les plus naterels; ainsi que double tresse, bize en cheveux nœuds, d'amour bandeau, lisse, frisette, et tout cequi concerne son etat.

Il prev ent, aussi, les Messieurs, qu'il coupe les cheveux a la Titus et a la Brutus; il ses effile et elague dans le dernier genre et le gout le plus moderne.

Alexandre Lavigne, informe les Coeffeurs et Peruquiers de cette ville, ceux qui desireont apprendre a coeffer dans tous ces different genres; qu'il tient un appartement en particulier ou separement, les Dames et Messieurs qui lui feront Phonneur de l'employer, voudront bien le faire prevenir a sa boutique, William-street, No. 57, entre Pine-street et Cedar-street.

December 7, 1805. 877—3t*.

*SACRED MUSIC.*

READ'S *COLUMBIAN HARMONIST,*

A NEW EDITION,

Just received and for sale by JOHN TIEBOUT,

*No. 238 Water-Street;*

Who has for sale Foolscap Writing and Wrapping PAPER, suitable for Grocers.

*TICKETS,*

In the Batten-Kill Road Lottery,

For sale at this Office,

## COURT OF APOLLO.

### TO POVERTY.

*In Imitation of* BURNS.

Oh, hideous spectre, from my sight!
Thy very name fills me with fright—
My constant wish is, day and night
To be without thee!
I scarcely dare begin to write,
Or think about thee!

It fills the hearts of young and old
With dread and terror, to behold
Thy countenance; of ghastly mould,
And hideous form;
Life is a calm, wert thou not bold;
with thee—a storm.

See crowded multitudes appear,
With busy hopes and anxious fears;
With eager looks along they steer,
And hurried pace;
'Tis all lest thou should'st shew too near
Thy frightful face!

Hear'st thou yon wretch's bursting sigh!
Mark'st thou his look and haggard eye!
"'Tis poverty!" I hear him cry,
"Presses me sore!"
To 'scape from thee, with joy he'd fly
His native shore,

Thy near approach we soon percieve—
The threadbare coat—the ragged sleeve—
The dismal face, that seems to grieve
For heart of woe,
Too plainly prove where thou dost give
Thy fatal blow.

Let thoughtless spendthrifts at thy shrine
Pour forth their bowls of costly wine,
'Tis thou that promp'st each gay design,
The joyous night;
Thou know'st the time will soon be thine
To shew thy spite.

How shall I safest keep away
Thy dreaded frown? How most delay
Thy near approach, which with dismay
Fills every breast?
What is't will keep thee best at bay,
Thou dismal guest?

"The way is plain"—methinks I hear
A voice low whisper in my ear,
"Extravagance, with spacious leer,
"Invites him nigh;
"But let Frugality appear,
"The fiend will fly!"

### KISSING.

BY PETER PINDAR.

When we dwell on the lips of the lass we adore,
Not a pleasure in nature is missing!
May his soul be in heav'n, he deserved it I'm sure,
Who was first the inventor of kissing.

Master Adam I verily think was the man,
Whose discovery can't be surpast:
Well, since the sweet game with creation began,
To the end of the world may it last!

### DELICATE THOUGHT.

FROM THE PERSIAN—BY SIR WILLIAM JONES.

"On parent's knees, a naked new born child,
Weeping thou sat'st, while all around thee smil'd;
So live, that sinking in thy last long sleep
Calm thou may'st smile when all around thee weep."

*MAXIM.*—Young people at their entrance upon the world should be either bashful or giddy; a composed self-sufficiency generally turns out impertinence.


### N. SMITH.

Chymical Perfumer from London, at the New-York Hair Powder and Perfume Manufactory, (the Golden Rose) No. 114 Broad Way opposite the City Hotel.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Ball, far superior to any other, for softening, beautifying, and preserving the skin from chopping, with an agreeable perfume, 4 & 8s. each.

Smith's Chymical Abstergent Lotion, for whitening and preserving the teeth and gums, warranted.

Gentlemen's Morocco Pouches for travelling, that adds all the shaving apparatus complete in a small compass.

Odours of Roses for smelling bottles.

Violet and palm Soap, 2s. per square.

Smith's Improved Chymical Milk of Roses so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness or sunburns: has not its equal for preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen after shaving, with printed directions, 6s. 8. & 12s. per bottle, or 3 dolls. per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair, and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. 6d. per lb.

Violet, double scented Rose, 2s. 6d.

Smith's Savoynette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. & 8s. per pot, do. paste.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums; warranted—2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural colour to the complexion; likewise his Vegetable or Pearl Cosmetic, immediately whitening the skin.

All kinds of sweet scented Waters and Essences, with every article necessary for the Toilet, warranted.

Smith's Chymical Blacking Cakes. Almond Powder for the skin, 8s. per lb.

Smith's Circasia Oil, for glossing and keeping the Hair in curl.

His perified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on Chymical principles to help the operation of shaving.

Smith's celebrated Corn Plaister, 3s. per box.

Ladies silk Braces, do. Elastic worsted and cotton Garters.

Ladies and Gentlemen's Pocket Books.

*** The best warranted Concave Razors; Elastic Razor Strops, Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, Penknives, Scissars, Tortoise-shell, Ivory, and Horn Combs Superfine white Starch, Smelling Bottles, &c. &c. Ladies and Gentlemen will not only have a saving, but have their goods fresh and free from adulteration, which is not the case with Imported Perfumery.

☞ Great allowance to those who buy to sell again.

January 5, 1805. 833. 1y.

### WILLIAM GRIFFITH,

SILK, COTTON, & WOOLEN DYER, & CALICO GLAZIER, No. 56 Beaver-street, four doors from William-street.

Cleans and Dyes all kinds of Silks and Sattins, all kinds of damaged Goods, and finished with neatness; all kinds of gentlemen's Clothes, Silk Stockings and Camel hair Shawls cleaned and calendered. He has also erected a hot Callender. All commands will be thankfully received, executed on the shortest notice, and on the lowest terms. ☞ Entrance to the Dyers at the gate.

N. B. Carpets scoured and dyed, Bed furniture cleaned and callendered, and Blankets scoured. Best standing BLUE upon Cotton and Linen; Dyers stuffs for sale.

June 1, 1805. 856, 1y.

### SAMUEL MOOR

Opened his ACADEMY on Monday, the 28th of October. He anticipates the pleasure of meeting again at his house No. 57 *Roosevelt-street*, all those, his former pupils who esteem him their friend.

An EVENING SCHOOL for Young Ladies will commence on the 4th November, in the young misses' apartment of the same house, for writing, cyphering, use of the globes, &c. In the boys' room of the same house, a few young gentlemen, whose object is improvement, will be attended to, in writing, accounts, algebra, grammar, &c. by S. MOOR.

☞ THE Subscribers continue their SCHOOL, No. 17 *Bancker-street*, where an *Evening School* will be opened on the 4th of Nov. for reading, writing, cyphering, &c.

S. MOOR.
I. M'KEEN.

Nov. 2, 1805. 872 tf.

### MR. TURNER

INFORMS his friends and the public, that he has removed from No. 15 Park, to No. 71 Nassau-street—where he practises PHYSIC, and the profession of SURGEON DENTIST. He fits Artificial Teeth upon such principles that they are not merely ornamental, but answer the desirable purposes of nature; and so neat in appearance that they cannot be discovered from the most natural. His method also of Cleaning the Teeth is generally approved, and allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set, without incurring the slightest pain, or injury to the enamel. In the most raging tooth ach, his Tincture has rarely proved ineffectual, but if the decay is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting carious Teeth upon the most improved CHIRURGICAL principles, is attended with infinite ease and safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any Lady or Gentleman at their respective houses, or may be consulted at No. 71 Nassau-street, where may be had his ANTISCORBUTIC TOOTH-POWDER, an innocent and valuable preparation of his own, from Chimical knowledge. It has been considerably esteemed the last ten years, and many medical characters both use and recommend it, as by the daily application, the teeth become beautifully white, the gums are braced and assume a firm and natural healthful red appearance, the loosened teeth are rendered fast in their sockets, the breath imparts a delectable sweetness, and that destructive accumulation of Tartar, together with decay and tooth ach prevented.

The Tincture and Powder may likewise be had at G. & R. Waite's Book-Store, No. 64 Maiden-Lane.

July 13, 1805. 861 tf.

### TO THE LADIES OF NEW-YORK.

*DYING BALLS FOR ALL KINDS OF COLOURS.*

These BALLS from the celebrated Manufactory of M. Wues, of Paris, may be ranked among the most useful and pleasing modern instructions, since in less than a quarter of an hour, by means of these Balls, gowns, shawls, gloves, stockings, &c. may easily be dyed at pleasure.

This dye will give a new coat to silk stuffs, but more so, to lawn, cambrick, muslin, dimity, &c.

He has also, Balls to clear linen and give it a bright shining whiteness not to be obtained by any other process.

Directions for using these Balls will be delivered with them, printed in French and English.

These Balls are to be found at Mr. Denmiers' store, No. 119 Willam-Street.

*November* 30, 1805. 876—8*

### TO THE LADIES.

*MRS. SMITH, FROM LONDON*

Begs leave to inform the Ladies of New-York, she intends appropiating her time to making, repairing & altering MUFFS & TIPPETS to the latest fashions.

Mrs. S. having conducted an extensive Furr Manufactory, a number of years in London, flatters herself she will be able to please those, who may favor her with their orders at No. 15 Peck-Slip.

Nov. 16, 1805. 874 tf.

### EDUCATION.

M. NASH's School, for the instruction of Young Ladies and Gentlemen in the various branches of English Literature, commenced on Monday, Nov 4. Mrs. Nash, as usual, will instruct young ladies in plain and ornamental Needle-work.

Nov. 16, 1805. 874. 4t.

### TO MILLINERS.

White, Brown and Blue BONNET BOARDS, for sale by M. NASH, No. 7 Peck-Slip, *Near Pearl-Street.*

Nov. 16, 1805. 874—tf.



NEW-YORK:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETOR,

*No. 3 PECK-SLIP.*

One Dollar and Fifty Cents, per annum.